

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Vol. 22

Chinook, Alberta, Thursday April 17th 1941

MAILS LOST THROUGH ENEMY ACTION

Canadian citizens expecting mail from soldiers or friends in England, mailed during the period 14th to 23rd May last are advised that there may be considerable delay or perhaps loss, according to a statement released by Postmaster General W.P. Mulock.

Word has just been received that a steamer carrying mail is overdue. The ship was supposed to have left the other side during the last week of March, and was due in Canada around the first week in April. The steamer was carrying 4261 bags of mail, including 3,855 bags of letters and 403 bags of parcels.

The Canadian Post Office Department is at all times anxious to provide a safe and expeditious mail service between citizens of Canada and military forces and friends in Great Britain, but the above is an example of one of the unavoidable situations which from time to time confront the Postal Service.

THE SPELL IS BROKEN

EDITORIAL FROM THE N. Y. TIMES

On Thursday, March 27, 1941 (the date will be remembered) the Nazis came face to face in Belgrade with the spirit that made American farmers stand their ground against the British regulars at Concord bridge, that sent the Marseillais marching to Paris to the tune of their famous battle song a century and a half ago, that held Verdun a quarter of a century ago, and that Mussolini encountered in Greece last November.

This war has had its great liberating moments. The heroes of Dunkerque, of the air battles over Britain, of Albania, of Libya, of Ethiopia will be the last to question the meaning of what has happened in Yugoslavia.

Here-infore on the Continent of Europe Hitler has dealt with Governments that were ill prepared or timid or traitorous. He tried to deal with Yugoslavia in the same way. There were the usual nauseating preliminaries followed by the Nazis in taking over a weak country: penetration by "experts" and "tourists"; economic threats; the mustering of troops on the border; finally the sickening hypocrisy of the treaty, with its guarantees of "sovereignty and territorial integrity" masking secret clauses that could have put Yugoslavia at Hitler's mercy.

The Yugoslav government was willing. The Yugoslav people were not. For the first time in Hitler's Continental experience it was the Government, and not the people, that had to give way. In the strange and beautiful country beyond the rugged Dalmatian coast there rose the wild, defiant, jubilant shout of liberty. The men of the mountains would not be betrayed, would not be sold.

Whatever happens now in Yugoslavia at least it has been demonstrated that the spirit of the French Revolution was sleeping, not dead. Men still do, at whatever risk to life and fortune, spontaneously and passionately love liberty.

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LOCAL NEWS

D. E. Bell was an Oyen business visitor on Saturday.

Mrs. A. St. Clair Nicholson after having spent a week in Calgary with her husband returned Wednesday.

J. C. Charyk B. Sc. Chinook school principal, spent the Easter vacation with his parents in Lethbridge.

Miss McDonald Intermediate teacher spent the Easter holiday at her home in Medicine Hat.

Miss Byler Primary teacher, spent the Easter vacation at the home of her parents at Oyen.

Mrs. Lee is a Calgary business visitor this week.

Mrs. D. Anderson returned from Oyen on Wednesday morning where she spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Goddard.

Doris Mayfield left for Oyen Wednesday where she will visit for a few days with Mrs. Goddard.

Messrs. Proudfoot, Wilson and Jensen were Oyen business visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright Lawrence and daughter Peggy Lou of Calgary arrived here Wednesday and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilson.

Mr. "Gibby" Gilbertson left Tuesday night to undergo four months of military training at Camrose.

Mr. Z. Wasky and daughters Olga and Lena, with Gordon Wilson, Happy Milligan and Jack Lee, motored to Kindersley to visit Emily, who is in the hospital following an appendicitis operation.

CHARIVARI

Last Wednesday evening, 80 people gathered at the Connell home to Charivari Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rosenau. Songs and dancing passed away the evening, during which the host and hostess served a delicious lunch.

SHOWER

A number of old friends gathered at the Rosenau home for a miscellaneous shower last Friday afternoon. The bride received many beautiful and useful gifts. A delicious lunch was served.

Friendly Circle will be postponed till next week April 10.

Mrs. Butts arrived home from Hanna.

Mac Butts Leonard Barros of Bindlos were week end visitors

ROUND ABOUT TOWN

Did you notice that model A town on Sunday? Apparently the magnetic personalities of two of our young ladies are so strong they can pull 'em all the way from Lethbridge.

It's beginning to look as if the Sunday "hunting" trips made by three of our young men are just an excuse. At any rate, it looks pretty fishy when one of them comes home with a girl's scarf on the butt of his rifle.

A certain young man from 3 miles north of town was all set to go places and do things with his newly acquired Buick on Monday night, and then she went to the dance with someone else. Dear, dear, how very disappointing.

We notice a certain "One-Ton" Ford parked on the south side of the Hotel these days. Could it be that batching is not going so well or is the attraction the new addition to the hotel staff?

My, hasn't the town been dead this week. There's only one high school boy left in town, and he's walking around looking as if he would die any minute, because the G.F. went away for the holidays. Ah me.

Don't forget, folks, it's your contributions that make this column what it is, so write up some interesting occurrence and bring or send it in. The restrictions are few, but please note them:

1. All items must either be personally delivered at the Advance office or be signed by you. (Your name will not be disclosed to nosy inquirers)

2. Names and initials should be used cautiously, if at all.

3. This column is not an instrument for malicious gossips, so we reserve the right to rewrite any item, omitting obnoxious parts

NOTICE OF PREPARATION OF ASSESSMENT ROLL VILLAGE OF CHINOOK 1941

Notice is hereby given that the assessment roll of the Village of Chinook for the year 1941 has been prepared and is now open for inspection at the office of the Secretary Treasurer from ten o'clock in the forenoon to four o'clock in the afternoon on every day which is not a public holiday, except Saturday, and on that day from ten o'clock in the forenoon to two o'clock in the afternoon, and that any person who desires to object to the entry of his or her name on that of any other person upon the said roll or to the assessment of any property, or to the assessed value placed upon any property, must within 30 days after the date of this notice lodge a complaint in writing with the Secretary Treasurer.

Dated this 16th day of April 1941
C. A. Withell
Secretary Treasurer

BANNER HARDWARE & GROCERY

Libby's Spinach	tin	14c
" Sauerkraut	tin	19c
Post's Bran Flakes	2 pkts	25c
Shredded Wheat	2 pkts	25c
Swift's Brookfield Cheese	2 lb. pkt	52c
Empress Loganberry Jam	1/2 gal	57c
Old English Brand Peas	3 tins	85c
Grapefruit Juice	48 oz. tin	26c

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I. H. C. & John Deere

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A shipment of fresh, frozen, and cured fish just in.

Hides and Horsehair bought at market prices.

The season on Badgers is now open. Bring in your furs.

Phone No. 4

J. C. Bayley Prop.

Salvaging To Serve

Canada's latest war effort is one to which practically every person in the country can make some contribution, no matter how poor he or she may be. Every head of a household, every housewife and even most of the youth of the Dominion can assist this effort in some form or another and thus play a part in helping to win the war and bring it to a successful conclusion at an earlier date.

Reference is made to the campaign recently launched on a national and organized scale to collect through the length and breadth of the land waste material, which would otherwise be allowed to rust or rot, to gather it together and deliver it at centralized collection depots where it can be shipped to factories and workshops for processing and conversion into weapons, munitions and materials to be used in the great task of ridding the world of Nazism and of restoring freedom to the enslaved.

This is a magnificent effort in the battle for freedom in which practically every rural and urban resident of the country can freely participate and at very little cost with the exception of the expenditure of some time and energy, and yet it is an effort which can and will play a highly important role in the prosecution of the great adventure to which the people of Canada have committed themselves.

There is no farm in Western Canada which does not harbor its quota of obsolete machinery, abandoned implements, waste iron and scrap metal of all kinds which have accumulated during the pioneer days and have been added to during the later expansion period. In every town and village similar accumulation of discarded and waste material are to be found lying on vacant lots, behind barns and shops and outbuildings.

There are few attics and basements in villages and towns and on the farms which could not contribute materials, which would never otherwise be used, yet, if rescued, would form a valuable contribution to the task in hand, to which we have pledged our money and our energies, our time and our talents to the utmost limit.

Materials In Abundance

And what are these materials which are now being so eagerly sought as weapons in our fight against Hitler and his Nazi hordes? They are scrap iron and steel non-ferrous metals, rags and fibres, waste paper, bones, tin foil and cullet, the last-mentioned being the trade name for bottles and glass, and other materials which Canadians waste to the tune of millions of dollars annually.

And what is going to be done with these materials, once they have been salvaged and transported into position where they can be converted into materials of direct and indirect use in the war effort? At the processing points waste paper is going to be turned into shell wadding, aluminum pots and pans will be used in the manufacture of aeroplane parts, scrap iron will be converted into shrapnel, bones will become glycerine for high explosives, and glue, and other materials, when processed, will appear in other forms of war materials. For example, sacks and fibre are needed for the manufacture of bags to replace jute from Calcutta which is now difficult to obtain because ocean bottoms are more urgently needed for other war requirements.

With the application of scientific methods to industry in more recent years, supplemented by the discovery of new and more scientific processes, it is surprising the number of valuable uses to which waste materials can be put today, and their value is further accentuated by rising costs of war materials and the increasing needs of these materials in the war economy. Many, no doubt, would be surprised to hear that about ten pounds of tin foil, an amount which is easily procurable in almost any community, will sell for sufficient money to buy a cannopane of two 3.7 anti-aircraft shells, enough, if properly placed, to bring down two Nazi bombers playing their nefarious business of scorching innocent women and children over an English town. Eight tons of scrap iron lying around the fields and machine sheds of many Canadian farms will sell for enough money to buy a 500-pound bomb to drop on Berlin or to put a Nazi submarine or cruiser out of commission.

A Job For All

Working through the National Salvage organization in Ottawa, many local committees have already been set up and are at work. In many other districts committees are now being set up or will be in the immediate future and no time should be lost until it will be possible to say that no community, however remote or obscure, is not at work committing its area for every pound of material that can be converted to the prosecution of the war or can be sold for materials needed to prosecute the war.

The modus operandi is perfectly simple. It is to secure waste material free, to secure salvage depots for collecting and sorting such material free and to gather and sort waste material by voluntary organization.

Here is an opportunity for practically everybody to make a much needed contribution to the war effort and, once accumulated, hordes of past years have been disposed of, to continue the effort for the duration of the war by saving and contributing such materials as they come to hand, as soon as sufficient quantities for economic handling can be made available.

Was Famous War Horse

Veteran Of First Great War Had To Be Destroyed

A famous veteran of the first great war, Lord Mottistone's horse "Warrior," has been destroyed because of failing health. It was disclosed at London. The 32-year-old "Warrior" had so many escapes from death that the men of the Canadian cavalry Lord Mottistone commanded in France called him "the horse the Germans can't kill."

The expression "It's a T" refers to the T-square or rule used by carpenters when exactitude is required.

According to a Russian scientist, the human eye moves involuntarily about 100 times a minute.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR LIVER

Back it up right now and feel like a million!
Your liver is the largest organ in your body and most important to your health. It is able to digest food, gets rid of waste, supplies new energy, allows proper nourishment to reach your blood. When your liver is healthy, you feel like a million. So can you now. Try Fruit-A-Tives—you'll be simply delighted how quickly you'll feel like a new person. Happy and well again. 50c. **FRUIT-A-TIVES** Canada's largest selling liver tablets.

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Any National Debt

Becomes Grave Hardship When Owed To Outside Countries

The truth is that so long as our national debt is owed to our own people there can be nothing about it of insuperable difficulty. That is especially true if we can manage to have our war debt spread as widely as possible among all of our people. National debt is only a grave hardship when it is debt to foreigners. Thus in this war we have been paying for it through the savings of our own people; savings which our government has in taxes and borrowings. So long as we can keep on doing that there is no need at all for alarm.

Up to the present, Canada's balances with the United States have been against her. But we have managed somehow to meet them; and no reason exists for believing that we cannot go on meeting them for a considerable time. It will be time to begin worrying if we come to the stage where we can no longer handle them.—Ottawa Journal.

New Use For Ice

Cakes of ice have been used in several ways in the handling of heavy objects. Huge storage tanks, buildings and monumental stones have been slid into position on "ice" or "ice" in blocks or shavings—where it was not possible to use standard rigging or grease. Where straining need not be considered, dozens of cakes of yellow laundry soap have been used for the same purpose.

A Mixed Blessing

A preacher at a rural church near Conway, South Carolina, watched as the collection was taken and counted and then said: "I thank you for this collection in the sum of \$4.15, two glass buttons and one bean." 2407

Round up Ogden's for a Real Smoke



Take a tip from old timers who have been rolling their own for twenty years or more. Their brand is Ogden's and they wouldn't think of smoking anything else. They like it because it has a taste you can't match—a taste which comes from its distinctive blend of choice, ripe tobaccos. Try it. You'll find it's not just another tobacco—it's Ogden's.

Only the best cigarette papers—"Vogue" or "Chantrelle"—are good enough for Ogden's.

OGDEN'S
FINE CUT
CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Pipe Smokers!
Ask for Ogden's Cut Plug

Secret Was Discovered

Social Worker Found Why Certain Brand Of Flour Sold Well

According to Marketing, Toronto, a flour miller was unable to get his share of business in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. A sales consultant was asked to see what he could do. He went to the territory and spent a month talking to grocers, watching miners' wives buy, even calling on them in their homes. English is a strange tongue in that locality, so he hired a social worker who spoke several languages. Day after day she and the consultant went the rounds of miners' cabins, ostensibly making a diet check-up, explains Advertising & Selling. They learned that one brand of flour was getting most of the sales. Then one afternoon the social worker did a lot of talking in Polish. The mother of the family laughed and brought out several pieces of children's underwear made of the competitor's flour sacks. The company's sacks were of softer material; the thrifty women were buying flour in sacks which could be made into underwear.

A New Game

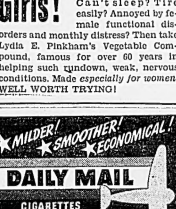
Goal Ball Is Intended To Be Played In Community Halls to Give Employment To the Blind

Primarily intended for a game to be played in community halls or room with low ceilings and giving opportunity for basketball practice as well as entertainment, an arrangement of some of the usual basketball, hockey and other rules has its appearance in the Young Women's Christian Association gymnasium in Edmonton, Alberta, a few nights ago, where the Bissell girls basketball club played an exhibition game.

Any school or athletic club possessing a basketball and the securing of a few sticks and balls to construct goals might be interested enough to write to the Bissell girls club in Edmonton and ask for a copy of the printed rules of the game.



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Buried Treasure

Manitoba Farmer Finds Valuable Hidden For More Than 180 Years

A rich store of treasure is believed to have been unearthed by D. J. Prystach—a farmer at High Bluff, Man. The treasure is believed to have been looked for by white men by Indians and buried on an island in the Assiniboine river during a bloody battle between red-skin tribes more than 180 years ago.

Mr. Prystach says he first discovered an old cedar log buried deep in the sand on the island. He split the log apart and found bits of colored glass and tiny particles of copper, brass, silver, gold and lead.

Mr. Prystach says he made his second and most startling discovery on March 30 of this year. He relates he was walking through the bush on his estate when he noticed a stream of water running into a hole in the ground. He enlarged the hole and bared before his eyes was an amazing treasure.

It included exquisite rings, bracelets, earrings, buckles, chandeliers, goblets, vases, sword hilts, powder horns, leather bags, letters, trinkets, even bars of gold and silver. Some of the gold bars were stamped with names of famous men who lived 200 years ago including Governor Lawrence of Acadia.

Canadian Red Cross

Reliance Upon This Organization By The British Navy League

Reliance upon the Canadian Red Cross by the British Navy League and various other organizations, as per following list, which serve the men of the Merchant Navy in health as well as in sickness, is briefly shown in the donations our Society makes of cash, each and every month since January, 1940:

Navy League	\$6,000
Mission to Seamen	1,000
British Sailors' Society	1,000
Merchant Navy Comforts	500
Service	500
Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen	250
Destitute Sailors Fund	100
Shipwrecked Mariners Society	300
Liverpool Seamen's Friend Society and Gordon Smith Institute	100
Toe H. Orkneys	300
Seamen's Hospital Society	175

This has been a total of the funds given to the Red Cross by the people of Canada during 1940 and up to March 31st of 1941, the total, \$145,875, has been devoted to men of the sea who need special attentions in their heavy work in various climates and on all types of ships. The Canadian Society very willingly bears this burden for our own men of the sea and to relieve the British civilians of donations which must come from pockets not well filled with cash to donate considering the enormous taxes on every pound earned.

The Red Cross Advisory Committee in London keeps constantly in touch with the needs of all sea services and maintains substantial reserves for them at all times.

SELECTED RECIPES

ALL-BRAN BISCUITS

½ cup Kellogg's All-Bran
½ cup buttermilk
1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
½ cup shortening
Sift all-bran in buttermilk. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and soda together. Cut in shortening until mixture is like coarse cornmeal. Add soaked all-bran, stir until dough follows fork around bowl. Turn onto floured board, knead lightly a few seconds, roll or pat to ½-inch thickness and cut with floured cutter. Bake on lightly greased pan in hot oven (450 degrees F.) about 12 minutes. Yield: 12 biscuits (2½ inches in diameter).

SPRING MUSHROOMS

2 cups milk
19 Christie's Soda Wafers
1 lb mushrooms
1 green pepper, chopped
3 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Parsley

Heat milk, add seven wafers rolled fine and beat until smooth. Wash mushrooms, and slice. Brown mushrooms and pepper in butter, add water-milk mixture and beat thoroughly. Season and serve on heated biscuits, garnish with two to six. Garnish with parsley. Six portions.

Gift Of Radium

Presented To Lord Beaverbrook For Aircraft Instrument Panels. Officials of the Alberta and Northwest Chamber of Mines announced Eldorado Gold Mines Limited had presented three grams of radium to Lord Beaverbrook to be used in instrument panels in British bomber and fighter aircraft. Lord Beaverbrook is minister of aircraft production. The gift is worth about \$100,000. The radium was mined at Great Bear lake, 1,000 air miles north of Edmonton, and processed at Port Hope, Ont.

Nazis Were Outwitted

Dutch Get Away With One Sub And Sink Another

A Dutch professor said his countrymen launched two submarines after the Germans invaded Holland and this happened:

One carrying a Dutch crew and a few German officers, kept right on going at its launching until it reached England.

The second carried a German crew to death.

The story of the submarines said Dr. Peter de Bruyn, 31, of Leiden, Holland, was typical of the way the Dutch were resisting the German occupation.

Dr. de Bruyn, who arrived at Jersey City, N.J., on the American Export liner Siboney from Lisbon with his wife and two children, said the first submarine was nearly completed at a Rotterdam shipyard when the Germans invaded the country.

The Germans told the shipyard to continue with the work, he said, adding that when the vessel was completed, the Germans put aboard a Dutch crew and a few Nazi officers.

"The sub kept right on going at the launching," to England," he said. "Our grapevine in Holland told us that the sub arrived safely."

When the second submarine was finished a few months later the Germans put an all-German crew aboard, he said, and declared:

"This submarine went down to the bottom."

The Germans were reported by him to be so incensed that they arrested 80 engineers and ship workers and executed 18.

Dr. de Bruyn is on his way to the University of Chicago to teach neurology.

Quite A Coincidence

Yosuke Matsuoka must wonder if he is a bird of evil omen. No sooner does the Japanese foreign minister set foot in Germany than the Serbs revolt against the Axis alliance. No sooner does he move toward Italy than the Italian fleet in the Mediterranean is smashed by the British. What sort of hoodoo made in Japan does he carry with him?



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You'll never have the expense or bother of costly repairs when you build walls and ceilings with Gyproc Wallboard. It will not warp or shrink, sag or crack.

Note: Ordinary wallboards cannot guarantee this permanence.

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Note: Flush, seamless walls and ceilings cannot be obtained with ordinary wallboards, so that your choice of decorative treatment is limited.

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DAUGHTER OF DESTINY

—BY—
Eleanor Atterbury Colton

CHAPTER II.—Continued

Wong led the way around a curved hallway, past handsomely furnished bedrooms. His padded slippers made no sound on the polished floor. Only the click of her own heels as they made a little procession of two through the deserted hallway. Finally, Wong entered one of the rooms, set down her luggage.

"Will there be anything else, Miss?" His slanting, Oriental eyes studied her coolly, his yellow face impassive, inscrutable.

Still, Devona sensed the strange antagonism. As if he'd resented her coming.

"No, that's all, thank you," she said, abruptly.

"Very good, Miss." He bobbed that stiff little bow at her again before he closed the door behind him.

Amused, Devona tried to shrug off the ridiculous feeling of cold horror. It was something like the sensation she'd known once when a deadly cobra raised its hooded head out of her bathtub.

But that—she mustered a little chuckle—was far away India. This was California and Wong was undoubtedly only a harmless, well-trained servant. Her strange little gypsyism into far places had made her super-sensitive. She must remember she was no longer in a country where danger, often swift, silent, horrible death, lurked around every corner.

There could certainly be no danger lurking in this beautiful place. She glanced around the lovely room. Her room. Her very own. Cool blue drapes against soft sandy walls, rich carved oak chest that might have come directly from an old Mission chapel. The whole like a lovely picture.

And beyond, a startlingly blue bathroom with square fish and spiny sea-horses yawning from the mosaic of tile on the walls.

From a long window opening onto a grilled iron balcony, she looked down into a garden. A fountain splashed coolly somewhere in the shadows. For a moment she half expected some handsome, gallant troubadour—some Jose Macias, guitar in hand—to serenade her from the fagotated balcony.

Like a story book or a movie set—or a dream. Perfect. And all this—she turned back into the room again—her mother's home. And now, her own home, too. A place where she could forget about trunks and storage boxes and passports. A place where she'd never hear any long wide but her own. Never see famine or war or pestilence stalking through the streets.

"I'm so lucky," she whispered aloud. "So very lucky."

Some one tapped softly at her door.

Vara Vadine returned? Her heart racing, Devona called, "Come in." The door opened carefully. A maid, trim and pert in a gray uniform, smiled her way in. Devona's heart went back to normal.

"Buenos noches, Senorita." The girl stopped short, her big dark eyes wide with surprise. "—I beg the pardon. Have I a mistake? You are the Senorita—Raebourne?"

Devona nodded. "Yes. Why did you think you'd made a mistake?"

"The pretty, dark-skinned maid still hesitated. "I thought they said you would be just the small girl." Then, recovering her manners, "May I help you to dress, Senorita? Dinner will be served in one hour."

"Why—yes. Thank you."

Even a maid to help her dress! Devona pinched herself to be sure she wasn't dreaming.

An hour later, when Margarita had smoothed the last touch of powder over Devona's gleaming shoulders, tucked a tiny rhinestone comb into a recalcitrant curl, she stepped back, smiling.

"You, too, are beautiful, Senorita," she said shyly.

"Thank you, Margarita."

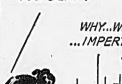
Excitement threatening through her veins like heady wine, Devona thrilled to the new version of herself the mirror gave her. Would any one ever guess this was the first time in her life she'd worn a real evening gown? Dad had always shunned society everywhere.

EASIER ON YOUR THROAT!
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I'VE TOLD YOU TWICE WE HAVEN'T THAT COLOUR—ARE YOU DEAF?



WHY...WHY... YOU...IMPERTINENT...!



I OVERHEARD THAT MISS JACKSON...WHAT HAS COME OVER YOU THESE DAYS... YOU'RE TOO IRVITABLE FOR A SALESGIRL



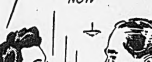
I'M SORRY... BUT MY NERVES SEEM SO BAD... I ONLY WANTED COFFEE FOR BREAKFAST...



I THINK THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE...TOO MUCH COFFEE AND TEA...YOU'VE GOT CAFFEINE NERVES...BETTER SWITCH TO POSTUM WHILE WE STILL HAVE SOME CUSTOMERS LEFT



THANKS FOR THE BONUS, MR. EARL... BUT REALLY I SHOULD THANK POSTUM FOR MY INCREASED SALES... I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER NOW



A MONEY-SAVING HOT BEVERAGE

Delicious Instant Postum is particularly economical because the price per cup is low and there is no waste. Entirely free from any caffeine effect on nerves, stomach or heart. Try it for 30 days and see how much better you feel!



"Time enough when you're grown up," he'd always say, and pinch her ear affectionately.

Grown up. Devona pirouetted slowly. Her hair piled into a cluster of satiny curls on top of her head, her clear white skin catching the rich glow from the wine-red velvet dinner gown, she was grown up now, certainly. The dress itself was as simple and as subtle as the skill of a famous French couturier could make it. And as costly as the Shanghai merchant had dared.

But—she decided now—it had been worth it. Soft shirrings that stylishly cupped her breast, long silhouette lines that followed the lithe lines of her slim figure. No one could call her "little school girl" now!

"Was there anything else, Senorita?" The girl hesitated at the door.

"No, thank you."

"May I say, Senorita," the little maid added with a shy little smile, "I hope you will be very happy here."

"I'm sure I will, Margarita," and when she'd slipped silently away, Devona buried her face in her hands and murmured a little prayer.

Instantly—instinctively—she knew that making everything so unbelievably perfect.

The sound of voices in the hallway, some woman's lovely, low-voiced laughter, jerked Devona erect again. That must be her mother. Instinctively—instinctively—she knew that making everything so unbelievably perfect.

No one but a beautiful woman would laugh like that. And suddenly Devona was shivering.

The footsteps came to her door. Some one knocked.

Breathless, Devona managed "Come."

The same one opened the door—a gorgeously beautiful some one who stood, poised as if—Devona thought irrelevantly—waiting for applause to die down before she made her entrance.

"Vara Vadine?" she murmured, unconsciously speaking the name that came first to her lips.

It wasn't until long afterward that she realized how very significant those first two words had been.

Then, almost as an afterthought—"Mother!" She took a step toward her.

Vara smiled, slowly. "So this is Devona."

She's beautiful, Devona thought. More beautiful than Dad said. No wonder he adored her. "Yes—mother."

Vara leaned against the door, every line a graceful curve, "I hadn't realized you'd be such a young lady." Her glance touched every detail of Devona's gown, coiffure. "Your photographs don't do you justice."

Conscious of her own awkwardness, this strange formality—as if this were just a meeting of casual strangers, Devona searched her mother's face anxiously for some sign, some cue—

"It's been more than 14 years, Mother," she reminded her quietly, her bubbling elation of the moment before ebbing away now.

Vara moved toward her and, as if it were a bit of much-rehearsed stage business, kissed her gently first on one cheek, then the other. Cool, dainty little kisses that hadn't, Devona realized with a stabbing little pang, left even a rouge mark.

"Yes, of course." Vara dropped onto the deep-cushioned chaise-loungue, shrugged off exquisite, costly sables. "I'm so sorry I couldn't meet your boat."

"I was disappointed, too," Devona said simply. "But Dads—Mr. Brasher I mean—was very kind. We had such a pleasant ride out and—" Devona bit her lip. She shouldn't stand here, talking to her own mother like this, as if she were a Sister Superior or a dean of girls. So stiff and formal and strange. Her

mother would think she wasn't really glad to be here.

"Did you? How nice." Vara opened a huge handbag, took a cigarette from a gold, monogrammed case. "When did you arrive?"

"About an hour ago. Your maid was so kind about helping me unpack dress. I'm so thrilled to be here and—" she began impulsively. Then, through a cloud of smoke, she saw the cool smile in her mother's eyes—and so grateful for—everything she finished lamely.

"Are you? You look very—" Vara selected the word, "—French. And you'll no doubt amaze my guests. We aren't so elaborately formal here, you know."

"I'm sorry, Mother," Devona's hand flew to the fastening of the pretty red velvet. "Shall I change—something else—"

"Oh, never mind. As long as you're all dressed up, wear it." Vara smiled carelessly. "Later, when we've had time to make plans for you, we'll make more appropriate selections."

Cheeks scorching, Devona blinked back tears. "Yes, Mother."

Vara smeared out her cigarette. "By the way, please don't call me 'mother.' Most of my friends don't know about you. And none of my public. Besides,"—her lovely lips twisted into a little grimace, "hearing you say that makes me feel so antique. Call me Vara, instead."

"Yes—Vara."

Vara smiled then—a lovely smile but somehow it never reached her eyes. "Run along downstairs now and show off your smart gown. I'll join you soon."

(To Be Continued)

A Valuable Weed

Common Horsetail Best Agency For Finding Gold In Ground

A weed which grows profusely in Canada and the United States—the common horsetail—"is the best agency yet discovered for finding gold in the ground."

At a recent meeting of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, Dr. Hans Lundberg, Toronto geophysicist, told the story of the horsetail as a gold miner.

Dr. Lundberg said that many plants growing over ore bodies extract metal from the ground. "The horsetail, however, is the most efficient miner of the lot."

The chief value of the discovery, said Dr. Lundberg, lies in the use of the horsetail to locate gold deposits. However, it is conceivable that in an area where the gold deposit is thin—too thin to mine—the horsetail could be planted and would extract the precious metal.

Horsetail can accumulate a gold content that assays four and a half ounces to the ton of horsetail, Dr. Lundberg said.—Toronto Star Weekly.

A Much Used Word

The word "hello" is spoken 175 times a day by the average student, according to an Alfred University survey. The survey reveals some girls give the salutation as many as 350 times on warm spring or summer days. The average, however, is brought down by some of the timid youth who recognize a passerby only when necessary.

The Japanese think the fate of China is still in doubt. The Chinese don't.

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Interesting To Tourists

Legend Of Nova Scotia's Maiden Cave Is Very Old

Undimmed by the ages, the famous legend of "Maiden Cave" is interesting to tourists who flock to Nova Scotia to enjoy her far-flung beauty, romance and tradition.

"Maiden's Cave" is at Black Point, near Parrishboro. It is related that two centuries ago Denis, an Italian pirate, captured a British vessel with rich cargo and made all but the captain's daughter, who was extremely beautiful, walk the plank.

A great storm then drove the pirate from his course and he arrived in the Bay of Fundy, landing at Black Point.

The beach seemed littered with jewels and each of the pirates gathered a treasure of amethyst. The pirate captain, unable to subdue his fair captive, abandoned her. She was placed in a cave on the shore, a quantity of fish known as pollock thrown in beside her, and the cave sealed with stone.

Later, strange wailing cries from the cave frightened away Indians passing by but later some of the bolder ones investigated, opened the cave and found the skeleton of the girl beside a heap of fish bones. The French knew the spot as "Pollock Cave" and it was claimed by them that at certain periods of the year the weird cries of the unfortunate girl could still be heard.

The legend of "Maiden's Cave" survives to this day.

England's 1940 home-grown beet sugar supply is equal to 23 pounds of white sugar per head of the population.

Great delicacies in China are cooked bamboo shoots, sharks' fins, and beche-de-mer—a species of sea slug.

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Earned His Decoration

Fifteen - Year - Old Boy Youngest Holder Of George Medal

John Cain, 15, who weighed two and one half pounds at birth and spent the first six months of his life in a bath of olive oil, is the youngest holder of the George Medal for gallantry.

When a bomb set a big factory afire near his home in London, Cain knew that many persons were sheltering in the cellar and he led four policemen through the blaze past barrels of inflammable paint and falling live wires, to the rescue. Part of the basement ceiling already had collapsed and paint was several inches deep on the floor. The rescuers became saturated with paint, and smoke and heat drove them back several times before they managed to carry all survivors from the shelter, using planks and broken doors for stretchers. The policemen also got George Medals.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

BENEFACANCE

Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—New Testament: Galatians 6:9.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir Philip Sidney.

We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—Seneca.

To disregard the welfare of others is contrary to the law of God; therefore it deteriorates one's ability to do good, to benefit himself and mankind.—Mary Baker Eddy.

If you confer a benefit never remember it; if you receive one, never forget it.—Chilon.

Give if thou canst in alms; if not, afford Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word.—Herrick.

A Worthy Endeavor

Senator Claude Pepper, who recently visited Canada, said he is working on a scheme to equalize the Canadian and American dollars, thus relieving Canada of a severe financial burden in paying war costs in the United States.

Chantecler Slow Burning CIGARETTE PAPERS NONE FINER MADE

Polish School Of Medicine

Band Of Professors Already Established In Edinburgh University

The significance of the institution in Edinburgh of a Polish School of Medicine was stressed by the prospective head of the school, Professor A. T. Jurasz, a distinguished Polish surgeon, in an interview with the Herald.

"We look upon the founding of this school as the first demonstration by the scientific world against Hitler's new order, which means only the destruction of everything that is not German," he declared.

Professor Jurasz was speaking in one of the Edinburgh University rooms in which a band of Polish professors are already established and are working out programs of study, etc.

Edinburgh University offered the Polish Government facilities for the establishment of such a school.—Glasgow Herald.

The reindeer herd at the mouth of the Mackenzie River now numbers over 5,000 and supplies the Eskimo with much food and clothing. This is a case of imported stock taking kindly to their new home.

New glass which can be cut with a sharp knife but will not break, only tearing like a piece of cloth has been introduced into London.

The first alarm clock appeared in 1420. 2407

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\$50 buys 3 rounds of 6-inch howitzer shells or fuses to explode 20 shells.
\$70 will provide a depth charge to sink a Nazi U-Boat or a 500-pound shell.

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...at least, that's what his folks think... he went over with that hard-rock mining outfit in the engineers... seems like only yesterday he was a kid spending holidays here... now he's in the middle of the big fight. We'll do our part too...

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GOOD ROOMS

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Prop.

Miss Gallagher of Regina, is spending the Easter vacation with her brother, Mr. W. Gallagher.

CEREAL A.I.A. TO SPONSOR CALF CLUB

Warn Farmers Of Soil Drifting

With every indication of large increases in summer fallowed acreage this year, farmers are being warned of the dangers of aggravating soil drifting and water erosion problems unless greater care is exercised in tillage operations.

In a circular notice sent to farmers, Dr. K. W. Neatby, director of the agricultural department of the Northwest Line Elevator Association, suggest that "now, as never before, information available from the Dominion experimental stations, should be utilized.

Turning to the bonus being offered for turning farm wheat lands to grass, Dr. Neatby states, in part:

"It is most unfortunate that steps were not taken last fall to prevent the exportation to the United States of the bulk of our 1940 grass seed crop. Had this been done, we could have undertaken a real soil conservation program.

"Instead government funds which might have been devoted to grass subsidies will largely be used for increased summer fallowing."

The Cereal A.I.A. are sponsoring a Calf Club for the season 1941-42 with the following regulations.

1. Contestant must be a member of the A.I.A., or part of a member's family.
2. All calves must be sired by a pure bred bull.
3. No calf born before Jan. 1st, 1941 may be entered
4. All calves must be weaned
5. Entries must be in the Secretary's hands by Dec. 1st, 1941.
6. Prizes are:
1st — \$3.00
2nd — \$2.00
3 prizes of \$1.00.

Further information can be obtained from the Secretary, or from a member of the livestock committee (L. Proudfoot, H. Westfall and F. Macell)

GARDEN CONTEST

The A.I.A. will again sponsor a garden competition for 1941 and hope that as many members as possible will enter the contest in order to make it more interesting and instructive for everyone.

Phone or write the secretary for full information and rules of the competition.

C. Baird
Secretary

ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE FARMERS BEWARE!

Examine All Stored Grains Regularly for

GRAIN MITES

Toughness and Heating in first 3 feet of grain are signs of mite activity.

Act promptly if mites are present

Provide good ventilation for all bins. Transfer grain from one bin to another. Clean grain and burn screenings. Examine regularly for further information.

If mites are present they will be found in the screenings obtained from sifting samples of grain. Use a magnifying glass to examine dust at house temperatures.

Further information may be obtained from the District Agriculturalist, Local Elevator Agent, Dominion Entomological Branch, Lethbridge, or the Field Crops Branch, Edmonton.

Department of Agriculture
HON. D. B. MACMILLAN, Minister.
J. R. SWEENEY, Deputy Minister.
D. S. LONGMAN, Field Crops Commissioner.